

Through The Blackest eyes

by Germany11

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Summary: A pov from Michael Myers I wrote starting from Halloween 1963 to the time he escapes, I hope you all enjoy it

Through The Blackest eyes

I knew it had to be a dream but it felt very real to me. I knew in my core as I stood there seeing the man in front of me that any other child of my age of six would of ran away from him. But not myself, something about this tall man, I was drawn to, It was a sensation that filled my entire body. This man was someone I couldn't escape though nor did I want to. Any other child would be crying by now from fear or wanting their mothers embrace to protect them, this wasn't the case for me. I wanted no I felt I had to be near him. That I had to accept him. He was evil, I could since that much but still I didn't run or look away in fear. I kept my dark eyes focused on him. I couldn't look away I just couldn't. The man I saw standing in front of me was covered in blood. Still I wasn't faced I embraced it all. I wanted it all. As I moved closer to this man, I felt my heart skip a beat. He was so emotionless. He was everything that I could feel. It was just a dream. A dream I never wanted to leave. The man just stood there as I came closer to him. I knew if that he wanted to kill me he could easily. I was only six after all but even if logic had all senses to have me wanting to escape, I continued to get closer him. My eyes never leaving that strange emotionless face he had. No it wasn't a face it was a mask! I realized to myself as something shiny caught my eye distracting me from that mans mask. My eyes moved to focus on what had caught my eye, In the mans right hand it was a knife, I was close enough to see the red blood that stained it. I looked closer. The mans breathing filled my young ears. He was so silent it was almost inhuman. Though why should I think on that. I never really spoke at all anyways. Then I saw it. My heart almost stopped for a long moment as I almost forgot to breath. My eyes couldn't grasp what I was seeing, even if it was as clear as day. Through the blood stained metal I saw my reflection though it wasn't a six year old boy that I was no it was the man that stood before me.

I couldn't understand what I was seeing but my core I knew it was myself. The next thing I knew I felt my body being shaken as I awoke from my slumber back into the reality I didn't want to be in. My eyes glanced upward to see my old sister Judith Myers. I noticed easily the look of impatience I had come to know all too well with her. "Michael, mom wants you to get ready for break fest then you and me have to go to the store to get your Halloween costume." Her voice sounded so non enthusiastic at the idea, she had to take me shopping. I simply just sat up in bed and nodded to her. I didn't understand fully why I was feeling this way towards her but just being around her made my stomach feel sick out of anger. She simply turned away from me, to leave my room to go downstairs. My eyes stayed focus on her, until I could no longer see her. I breathed in heavily letting air fill my lungs as I got off my bed to throw some clothes on. The man was still stuck in my mind. I felt the urge to see him again, but I doubted that as a possibility for now. Once I had finished getting myself ready, I headed downstairs to the kitchen and I stopped in the door frame as that unsettling feeling of rage had hit me once more as my eyes had gazed upon my family. My mother was feeding my younger sister Laurie in her high chair, as my father was busy eating his break fest and reading the paper silently. Judith was on the phone and by how it sounded she was talking to her boyfriend. I stood there silently, observing them, and feeling even more sick in my stomach as before. It took what seemed a long time for me for my mother to turn her eyes on me, a concern look crossed her face, her kind eyes were staring into mine. I must of looked as sick as I felt as she stood up from her seat to walk over to me and put her hand on my forehead. Her touch made me want to flinch away from her, but I controlled this impulse. "Michael." my mothers voice was soft and kind, but the concern was there. "Are you feeling alright hunny?" she asked me. It took me a long time to give her a nod. My parents had gotten used to the fact that I rarely spoke much. I just never really felt much need to, nor did I want to. Once her hand left my forehead after what seemed like forever. She simply put her hand on my shoulder and edge me to the table. "Alright, hun, eat your break fest, then you can go get your costume for tonight." Her voice was more cheerful as before as she left me to attend to a now crying Laurie. I took my seat but still wasn't very hungry. After Break fest, My father went of to work saying his goodbyes like he normally did. He also promised to be home early for the little barbecue my family would normally have every Halloween before my parents would go out to dinner. After awhile longer Judith and myself headed to the store much to her dismay. Once we got there it didn't take her long to start looking for things for herself, leaving me to pick out my own costume. I didn't mind at all. I still felt this uncontrollable sick feeling being around her. As I went down the rows and rows of Halloween costumes. One mask caught my eye. The same feeling of being drawn to the man earlier had returned and the sickness in my stomach left for a long moment as I went closer to it and reached out to pick it up. It was the same emotionless white mask I had seen in the man wear. It filled my body with a sense of needing. I felt this mask was as part of me as my own heart was. After several minutes of just holding the mask in my hands I noticed a clown costume right near the spot where the mask was. I picked it up and like lighting I knew this would be my Halloween costume. I needed it to be like I needed air to breath. With that I put down the white mask, giving it a second look as I went to my older sister with the costume I had pick. I had this unusual feeling tonight would be a night that would never leave me. As the day went past not a lot had been happening. Father came home earlier like usual as was starting to cook hamburgers on the grill out back, as

Judith was playing with a new video camera she had gotten as we went shopping. My mother was busy singing to Laurie. But myself I stayed as far back from them as I could. I was deep in my thoughts. "Michael, smile to the camera." My mothers playful voice kept saying to me. It bothered me a lot as I just kept my back turned away from it and shooed her away with my arm, after several long minutes again she was trying to get me to look into the camera and again I had to shoo her away keeping my back to it. I just decided to stay closer to the door not to be bothered anymore. "Michael. Come on just smile for mommy okay. Happy Halloween Michael." I breathed in heavily as I turned, my face was just as expressionless as the mask from that man. That man, how I could not get him out of my head not even for a minute. I needed him. But was I him. After the very long barbecue and night finally had come. My anger towards my family was filling my entire body. I had never experienced anything like this before. I could hear my parents saying there goodbyes from downstairs and telling Judith to not let Laurie out of her sight or myself. I breathed in again as I changed from my other clothes into my clown costume. The moment I was in my costume. I felt more alive then I could ever be or dream of. "Michael! If you want to go trick or treating you better hurry up!" My sister yelled for me down stairs with that I put on my clown mask and headed down the stairs. Judith screamed as she saw my mask. "Michael! damn it take that creepy thing off!" she sounded so anger at me, but I did as I was told and she took the mask and tossed it to the side. But as I was about to leave the house she bent down to hug me. "I love you Michael." her voice was very sweet and kind towards me after her anger had faded, It didn't face me and I obviously did not respond to her at all. Once she had let go of me I just walked out of the house. As the hours went by as I walked the streets of my home town of Haddonfield. I felt the rage inside myself grow and grow. I continued to walk faster, looking down, doing everything I could to calm myself down. With sudden surprise I had bumped into a tall man and had fallen down. As I slowly looked up from my spot on the sidewalk that I had fallen all the needing came back to me. There he stood in front of me the same man from my dream, the man my entire being was drawn to, that evil man, All he did was stand there looking down at my small form. It all hit me in a quick realization as my entire mindset had been simply switched on like a light. I felt that fate had just told me what I had to do to get rid of this rage that had fullled me that had me me sick all day. I finally knew just what I had to do. As I stood up from the ground once I looked in front of me the man I had felt so much need for was gone, as so was the need of him as well. The need I had felt for him had transformed into the need I felt now more then anything. As I walked back to my home. I heard my sisters laughs from the door as I slowly went to my homes door and looked in she was with her boyfriend, As they left my view I walked to the window watching them. I knew what I felt I had to do was needed but I had to do it patiently. As I watched them go upstairs I slowly walked to the side door and walked in my home I went straight for the kitchen and opened the drawer and grabbed a butcher knife, The same knife that man had. The knife felt like it was a part of me. As I slowly walked through the house I could hear my sisters moans from upstairs. I walked slower needing to be quiet. Once I had walked into my living room I watched from the doorway hidden in the dark as her boyfriend came down the stairs, saying his goodbyes to my older sister. Once he walked out of my house I knew I could now finally do what I needed to do. I walked up the stairs as I heard my sister humming to herself happily. Once I made my way up the stairs I looked down and saw my clown mask, as I picked it up and slipped it on I

felt truly complete now. I continued into her room, I could see her now she was humming and brushing her hair, he shirt off as clothes were left on the bed and floor I walked closer controlling my breathing but not the pounding of my heart. I was close now and as I watched her turn and gasp, covering herself, in complete surprise and confusion, I raised my knife and I heard the voice in the back of my head, 'Kill your sister, Michael' it told me over and over. "Michael!" she yelled in anger at me but it was to late with all my force I stabbed down into her, she screamed as blood got all over me, "Michael, Michael" she begged me, as I continued again and again stabbing her, the voice getting louder in my head. 'Kill her, kill her' it kept telling me. I could feel my breathing quicken as my heart beat as well, then it was over. She laid on the ground motionless. I looked at her for a long moment before realization kicked in that I now needed to leave, as I turned and quickly left her room, my breathing was very heavy, I went down the stairs as quick as I could and out the door, Then I saw the headlights of my parents car, I kept going as they parked and got out, Shock was on their face. My father went right in front of me and grabbed my mask as I stopped walking. "Michael?" his voice was in shock. I just stood there silently looking past them, My father backed up away from me for a moment as the just stood there staring at me. It felt like eternity, but my mind was else where not at that moment as all. I could see it all though, My father taking the knife from my hand and shaking me almost violently. "What did you do Michael! What did you do!" he yelled at me, I could hear my mother almost hysterical as she ran into the house to see what I had done. Her screams were the next thing I heard. As my father picked me up and carried me inside. "What is it!" he yelled towards my mother, in fear and anger as well as sadness. My mother was screaming and crying, but none of it faced me, she even slapped me in the face screaming at me, as my father had to pull her away from me. "Why Michael why! Not my baby girl! not her!" my mothers voice filled my ears, as I heard Laurie crying from being woken up from all the noise. It pulled me from my thoughts as I felt the need again. I needed to kill my little sister as well. But as I tried to stand my father pushed me back down. The sirens were getting close I could hear them. The police officers and medics walked in as my parents spoke to them, I just tuned them out, My little sister was all on my mind, the police officers tried to get my attention but I wasn't even looking at them. They forced me up and walked me to the back of the police car. I knew then I had to wait. But I would, I needed to, I was fullled to. This rage wouldn't go away until then. Several months have passed since I was committed to Smiths Grove, under the care of Dr. Loomis. The court process seemed long to me, though I wasn't ever really there mentally, Though the only times I was is when Laurie was there with my parents, she was there almost in my reach but I could never just do what I needed to do. I could wait though I knew that much. I was very patient. "Michael, I want you to try and write what your thinking down." My doctors voice distracted me for a moment as my eyes glanced at the man I was starting to know very well here. Dr. Loomis had already tried to get me to speak, or show any emotion for what happened. But I felt none, all I could think about is waiting, so I ignored him as I usually did, and the cycle would continue again day after day of him trying to reach me and giving up and just observing me in my room just siting there staring at a wall as I usually would do, for the next six years this had gone on and on same thing every day. I was now 12 years old a couple years ago, I was informed of my parents death by a car crash and was also informed of Laurie's survival. Though now that my parents were dead, I could no longer get anywhere remotely close to

my little sister to do what I needed to do. So I have just been sitting here, most of my days for years now. I could see the night when I would finally be able to get out of here. It needed to be a time I would be strong enough, to be the man from oh so long ago. The full moon now a days, kept me patient each day. I got distracted as I heard my Doctor come in my room, I didn't move though, I would see him almost everyday. I could feel his eyes watching me. He was so silent which was very strange of him to be. As much as I didn't show it a part of me felt I needed this doctor in my life or at the very least he was a part of it. He alone is the person I have known for most of my life. I knew though when the time came down to it and I was out of here, he would be a thorn in my side. But like that man from my past I couldn't see myself being with out him at least not now. His voice distracted me, clarifying everything I was already thinking. "You fooled them haven't you Michael... But Not me" his words filled my anger and for the first time in 6 years I had felt the same sick feeling in my stomach as I did that entire Halloween night of 1963. I knew then what I always figured over the six years I have known him, that he could see inside me. He saw the evil of who I was. The same evil I felt from the man I was so drawn to, was my evil, it was myself and it was very pure. My eyes did darken with his words. I simply ignored him as I did everyone else there. I knew the nurses liked me, since I never caused any problems as the other patients there, but Dr. Loomis knew me for who I truly was. "I know your waiting for something Michael. But If I have my way you will never get out of here." I simply looked at him for a short moment. I knew he couldn't stop me. I knew one day I was going to be something unstoppable until I take my little sisters life. As I turned back to look at the wall, and go back into my thoughts I heard him leave my room. It meant nothing to me what he would think. I could see it all. Several years had passed and I was now 17 years old. I could feel it in my bones that it wouldn't be to much longer before I would finally be out of here. One of the nurses working at Smiths Grove seemed to have found a liking to me. I didn't understand it nor did I bother trying to. She had sneaked me out of my room many times. I knew I could of used these opportunitys many times to escape but in the fiber of my being it wasn't time yet. I had to wait. I have accepted that over the years. The nurse was a blonde woman around her mid 20s if I had to take a guess. She would take me out and she started to teach me how to drive. I didn't understand her reasoning behind it but she was always so pleased to take care of me when my doctor didn't have his sessions with me. She was such a tiny woman compared to the man I was growing into. I often had thoughts and urges to kill this woman but always decided against it. She was teaching me after all I needed her alive for now at least. After me and hers usual driving lesson she had taken me to my room. It had been a silent day as I preferred it gave me more time to my thoughts. I was taken by surprise though as I heard foot steps behind me and my door closing. I wasn't supposed to have a session with my doctor today. As I turned around. It had all hit me at once. I couldn't believe who had entered my room. I only knew who it was by that feeling I had so very long ago. There was no doubting it, It was my little sister Laurie. She had grown up a lot from when I had last seen her when my parents would bring her to vist me. "Hello..." her voice was so soft. I felt the urge to get up and wrap my hands around that thin tiny neck of hers and squeeze the life out of her. But I felt something stopping me from actually doing it. My stomach felt sick as I watched her come closer to me. "Cant you talk?" she asked in a innocent child like manner to me. I just sat there not moving my gaze from her. It would be so easy. She was so tiny, so trusting so weak. I wanted to. I

needed to. But I just couldn't. It wasn't time yet. The sickness and rage were raising inside me. I felt it all like a burning desire to take her life. I just sat there. She came closer to me. I could grab her now If I wanted it would be so easy to do. She reached her hand towards me, as she touched my face. My body tensed up. It was over bearing me now the rage the sickness. It wouldn't stop. I felt it over the years but it was worse now then ever before. Even the night I had gotten rid of some of it by stabbing Judith, with Laurie it was worse. The rage I had was drawn to her. She was the last one left. She just stared at me with those confused child eyes of her. Did she know who I was. I wondered. The doctors here never did tell me what had happen to her other then that she was alive. Though I suppose I couldn't blame them. "Are you alright?" she asked pulling her hand away from my face. I just stared at her. It wasn't time. I felt that and I kept telling myself that. My gaze only left her eyes as my doctor walked in the room. He quickly yelled at my sister. Did he know who she was, I thought. "Little girl get away from him now!" She jumped back as I reached out for her. I didn't want to wait and lost patience for the first time in so many years. My doctor had noticed it as well but I didn't care, as he grabbed her and pulled her away from me. As I sat there my heart was racing faster then ever as he pulled her out of my room. My body twitched with the rage I felt as I just sat there staring at the door. I knew I will be able to kill her soon enough. I slowly turned my body to face the wall once again. I heard my doctor enter my room again. I could really kill him for taking her away from me but it wasn't time yet. He didn't say a word at all. He just watched me. It was the first real reaction to something he had seen in all the years he had known me. I will wait. Its almost time. Just a few more years. I awoke that Halloween eve of 1978 with a strong feeling like the one I had In 1963. Tonight I would be getting picked up by my doctor to be taken to prep for my court. They were eather going to keep me here or let me go free. I was the age of 21 after all and I was here for the past 15 years. After the incident with my sister, Dr. Loomis was more convinced on keeping me here if he could. He always made his feelings clear to me on that. It was stormy out tonight it was getting darker as well. Most of that day I had been slowly counting down the hours. I felt someone touch my shoulder as I turned to see who it was I immediately stood up. It was the man from my child hood. I was so drawn to him now more then ever. I was now his height and our body types were compleatly the same. I always had a feeling this man was me as I had felt for 15 years now. It was finally time. I tilted my head and like a mirror the man did the same. I closed my eyes for a long moment taking a very deep breath as I opened my eyes he was gone. But I knew better now. He was me. I was finally the man I was so drawn to as a child. The one who I felt was the key to getting rid of my rage and sickness. I had waited all my life for this moment and now I am complete now I knew it was time to go find my sister and end this rage inside of me. "Michael" the same familiar nurse voice distracted me as I turned to her and slowly tilted my head. "You need to come with me now, Michael, Dr. Loomis will be here shortly." I slowly walked towards her, I could see the nervousness in her eyes as she turned from me believing I was simply going to follow her. She screamed in fear and surprise as I grabbed her hair pulling her back to me. "Michael! Let go! help!" she screamed and struggled I used my other hand to grab her throat. I could feel her neck began to crack when I squeezed, I continued as she tried to fight me until her attempts slowly started to cease the life was leaving her body. I felt nothing for this nurse who had taught me how to drive and take care of me. I felt nothing anymore, nothing but rage. As her body

went limp I dropped her to the floor. I searched her pockets and removed a scalpel from them. I tilted my head as I stabbed into her. She was already dead I knew that but she had one more use for me. As I continued to stab her until I felt there was enough blood I placed my finger in the blood and turned to the wall, it didn't take to long to do this at all to leave the message I felt I need to as I finished I stood up and tilted my head at my work. In blood I had written 'sister' It was time and now nothing would stop me from what I needed to do. The urge was there. The never ending rage. The darkness, The evil. It was all me and until the day I die this is me the true me.

End
file.